

ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

WHOLE NO. 766.

poria,







# THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

## The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

"PROVIDENCE HAS MADE ME AN ACTOR, AND  
SLAVERY AN OUTLAW."—John Brown of Ossawatimie.

SALEM, OHIO, JUNE 16, 1860.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

WASHINGTON, May 26, 1860.

Our last letter left Mr. Hyatt in prison, where his incarceration is not only working out the result designed by the Senate—a punishment for contempt of its authority—but something more, for he has already investigated and made public some of the affairs transacted in the National Slave Pen at the Washington City Jail, but he designs pushing his investigation yet farther. He has already bought out of the prison one slave, brought out another, and fought out a third. Having the means at his command, he employs a portion of them in such enterprises, and we suspect the Senate will discover ere long, that it mistook the interests of slavery when it consigned Mr. Hyatt to prison.

### A CONTRAST.

Having seen how the U. S. Senate treats white men, we beheld at the Executive Mansion an evidence of progress in the practical recognition of "nigger equality"—to use a pet phrase of the Democracy—that ought to be horrifying to every lover of conservatism. A few years since a great outcry was raised against the abolitionists of Philadelphia, because in the meetings held in Pennsylvania Hall, blacks and whites were seated promiscuously, and to deepen the intensity of the excitement, and fan it into a flame, that should consume the fair Hall, it was asserted that blacks and whites were even seen walking together! On Friday we were at the White House, and just as we were leaving the door some very genteel carriages drove up, and from them descended several military officers dressed in uniform, and quite a number of swarthy headed individuals whose complexion would have barred against them every extraneous into respectable society in the North, consigned them to the Jim Crow car for travel, and to the Negro Pew for worship. Our surprise was greatly increased by seeing with what distinguished consideration the official representatives of the U. S. Government treated these niggers, actually walking with them arm in arm. And we were informed that the President had an utterly forgotten what belonged to his official station as to demean himself by asking them to dinner.—How have the mighty fallen! James Buchanan, the chosen of the Democracy, eating with niggers, and hob-nobbing with men, whose complexion, in any Southern State would be prima facie evidence they were chattel personal!

### EXPLANATORY.

Should we add a note just here, stating that the individuals referred to comprise the Japanese Embassy, the matter will be somewhat explained; and though such conduct cannot be reconciled with the professions of the Democratic party upon the ground of principle, it may be seen to harmonize with diplomatic policy. Although Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, may not be a god-ordained prophet, we suspect he was not far from the truth when he declared, "We will treat these fellows well now, but in a few years we will buy and sell them as we do any other niggers."

### SHORT SKETCH.

Sight seeing at Washington, like sight seeing at any other place, is a tedious pleasure, especially where there is much to be seen, and not much time to see it in. We hastily did the Capitol, the Patent Office, the Smithsonian Institute, the White House, Washington Monument, &c., all of which may be found fully described in any of the guide books prepared for visitors to the Capital. As we do not recognize the obligation of every visitor to Washington who can write a letter, to describe what has already been described ten thousand times, we shall neither spend ink, paper, nor time in the effort to do so.

### DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

In the Patent Office can be seen the original of the Declaration of American Independence. All through the writing in the body of the instrument is distinctly legible, the signatures have almost entirely faded out, even that of John Hancock being scarcely visible. It would be well, perhaps, that the names of these worthless should entirely disappear, and their me mories be forgotten, since the principles for the maintenance of which they pledged their lives, fortunes and honor, are practically ignored by their descendants.

### HALLS OF LEGISLATION.

Two or three hours passed in the Senate Chamber, and in the Hall of the Lower House was sufficient for the gratification of our curiosity, and enables us to say that we have seen both branches of Congress in session. In the Representatives Hall we heard the concluding portion of the Chaplain's prayer, and witnessed the opening of the body. Had the members of any debating club in the West received with such intention the reading of the minutes of their Secretary, we should have said they were utterly unacquainted in manners, and unfit to conduct such an association. One could not tell from the behavior of the Honorable gentlemen that the House had been organized, lounging around, talking with their friends, and even laughing aloud, was the chief indication of their presence.

In the Senate we heard a portion of the speech of Mr. Crittenden—that is, we heard the sound of his voice, and were able to occasionally catch a word, and semi-comprehensibly a sentence. If our experience in the galleries of both Houses was worth anything, we should say they were made rather for seeing than hearing, or else the voice of most of those whom we heard speak was designed rather for silence than utterance in such a place. Indeed, we were repeatedly assured that the reading of Congressional proceedings in the Globe, was far more interesting than actual presence at the debates.

### THE MORTUARY.

Among other sights we beheld was the Washington Monument—the great national testimonial of a people's reverence and gratitude, and copies of whose pictorial representation of what it is to be when finished, are scattered broadcast throughout the land. "What is that?" queried one of our party, pointing to a white shaft in the distance which was surmounted by an iron figure of some kind. We looked, and beheld what remained of an edifice we had seen at Cleveland, and replied, "It looks like a light house." Imagine our mortification on afterward discovering it to be the veritable unfinished Washington Monument in whose behalf orators have spoken, poets have written, and U. S. postmasters collected subscriptions. The structure is said to be based on a sandy foundation, which has already so yielded

to the pressure upon it, that it is affirmed the finishing of the monument would sink it in more than one.

### PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Some of the public buildings are handsome, but the unfinished condition of the Capitol is a feature of broken architecture anything but attractive. A similar condition in an ancient edifice would be interesting, for one might then ponder over and marvel upon its ruins. Amid all the beauty of the Capitol—and there is much to admire—and in view of the elaborate design and finish of many of the buildings of State, there ever came rolling up like surges breaking upon the shores of the sea, the thought of the lavish expenditure of the people's money in their construction, and of the base use to which their occupants have prostituted the Executive, Judicial, and Legislative power conferred upon them, and how wholly the interests of the people and the rights of humanity have been trampled in the dust by those who should have been the first to protect and vindicate them.

### PRIZE RING LITERATURE.

The public journals continue to serve up delectable dishes of the brutalities of the prize-ring, which the people evidently accept as a feast of fat things. Now and then a leading paper after occupying several columns with the most disgusting details of fighting, will add a paragraph of editorial condemnation, either as a matter of good taste, or as an evidence of a latent consciousness of the impropriety of glorifying this barbarous pugilism. The only decided opposition that we have seen, has been on the part of the New York police, who with clubs in hand have appeared on the spot, and dispersed with those offensive weapons the depraved assemblies, that have been gathered to see some lesser boxer and lesser Sayers, tear out each other's eyes, or beat each other into a shapeless mass if possible.

In England the demand for fighting literature appears to be even greater than here. About the time of the "International fight," the newspaper agents state that the sale of papers surpassed anything ever known. During all of the terrible excitement of the Crimean and Indian war no such sale was ever reached. The capture of Sebastopol, the relief of Lucknow, the battle of Solferino, had not such an effect upon the public mind. As the legitimate fruit of interesting pugilistic fighting, and giving such prominence to the encounter between Sayers and Heenan, witness the following:

"The celebrated battle of Farnborough was fought on the 17th of April. On the 24th, Thomas Woodgate and Charles Dixon had a pugilistic encounter near London, which resulted in the death of the latter. On the 30th George Henry Tyler and Thomas Miller entered the ring at Brighton, intending to settle an ancient feud with the fist and according to the approved rules of the P. R. Miller was carried away from the fight a corpse."

But it is not the encouragement thus given to the already depraved that is so much to be deplored as the influence upon the rising generation. At a League Club meeting in Cooper Institute recently, a Gay, Turner, who says one of our Daughters is the peer of the P. R. presents a large class of men in this city who make our laws, control our elections, and assume a responsibility which they maintain by the power of force and numbers, vulgarized Heenan and commended his example in the youth of America. This, however, considering its source, would probably be less effective than the general use of the press, which says, "We admire our Tom, he is game from the head to the foot." And again, "Heenan is a noble fellow; neither Sayers nor the public exposed to much risk." This is but a tame specimen of the praise awarded to these desperadoes. It will be strange indeed if thus sowing the wind we do not reap the whirlwind.

New physical courage is good; it is praiseworthy. That courage, for instance, that caused the Prince of Orange to sink on a memorable occasion, "I'll die in the last ditch," that courage that caused Walker and his brave companions to hold out at the siege of Londonderry and cry "No Surrender," and when famine had so exhausted their strength, that the voices became very feeble, still they cried "No Surrender. We will first eat the horse and hide, then the prisoners, and then each other," that courage which enables the martyr to walk triumphantly to the stake, cannot be too much admired, for it is sanctified by motives that involve the highest and the dearest interests of men and of nations. But that sort of bravery, which, for no motive save a lust of brute strength, says "I will see if I cannot blood and maim and disgrace you before you pull off your cheek, bang your eyes before you can do the like to me," is brutal in the extreme, fearfully demoralizing to the individual, and deserves the unmitigated reprobation of every friend of good morals.

The international character of the great fight becomes absurd when we consider that the combatants were both of Irish parentage, their parents living within fifty miles of each other in Ireland; so after all it is Irish valor, Irish pluck, Irish endurance, that England and America are glorifying as their own.

ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.—We have been rather tardy in noticing the new dress of this paper. The fact is, that the Standard is very much like a charming woman who is as full of earnest thought and noble sentiment, so overflowing with virility and wit, and pathos that one would be sadly puffed to tell how she is attired. The setting is apt to be forgotten in the brilliancy of rare jewels. But now that our attention has been called to the dress of this paper, we see that it is new and beautiful, and like holy hands fitted to convey the sacred truths to which the Standard is devoted. In external surely, its enemies might acknowledge that the American Society has great reason to be proud of its organ.

### SUMMER'S SPEECH.

But for want of room, we should give some portions of this great speech to our readers, in the present number. It is too long for us to publish entire, but there are passages that we wish to transfer to our columns. At the time of the Brooks assault, Mr. Sumner had not really finished his speech on Kansas and slavery. The South Carolina bludgeon delayed its conclusion longer than he anticipated, but we have it now, none the weaker, none the less effective for having been weaker. Neither the slaveholders in the South, nor their apologists in the North can deny its facts, or overturn its logic. It is wiser and better for them to make no attempt at reply, but suffer their own to go by default, and be in silence in the judgment of an awakening humanity, and a returning sense of justice. The Republicans will probably not circulate

this speech as a campaign document—it is too far above their standard to be readily converted into party material. Indeed, some of their leaders have already declared the speech had better not be made, and we do not wonder at their conclusion, for it will complicate matters somewhat, and just now the discussion of any moral question, connected with politics, is a little more than party success will bear.

The threatened assault upon Senator Sumner, for this speech, has been magnified, and what was but the bravest speech of a drunken rowdy, is now speedily converted into murderous intent, and the threat of an attack from an armed force sufficient to beat down any support he might receive from his friends. Capt. Henry, the thresher, apologized. The South, finding that their first attack upon the Senator did not pay, would hardly be likely to make another investment of that sort.

### THEODORE PARKER.

Last week one of our Dallas brought us a beautiful tribute to the mental power and attainments of Theodore Parker by Wendell Phillips, which we immediately transferred to our columns. In the same speech was the following testimonial to his moral worth. Each is a gem which will bear a separate setting.

"When some Americans die—when most Americans die—their friends tie the public with excuses. They confess the spot, they explain, they state, they plead circumstances as the half justification of their mistakes, and they beg us to remember that nothing but good is to be spoken of the dead. We need no such mantle for that green grave under the sky of Florence. No excuses—no explanations—no spot. Primarily malice has poisoned every inch of his garments; it was evil; it could find no stain. History, as in the case of every other of her beloved children, gathers into her bosom the arrows which malice had shot at him, and says to posterity, 'Behold the little life that your gratitude! (Applause.) We ask no moment to ransom, there is nothing to explain. What the snarling journals thought bold, what the selfish politicians feared as his ruin—it was God's seal set upon his apostleship. The little life, glanced across him like the rocket when it goes over the wall; it is gone, and the royal sun shines out beneficent as ever. (Applause.)"

"When I returned from New York, on the twelfth day of this month, I was to have been honored by standing in his dock, but illness prevented my fulfilling the appointment. It was eleven o'clock in the morning. As he sank away the same week, under the fair sky of Italy, he said to the most loving of wives and of nurses, 'I'm the best loved where I fall; and with tender and thoughtful duty, she selected four o'clock of that same Sunday to put all that was left of his dust into kindred dust of brave, classic Italy. Four o'clock! The same sun that looked upon the half-drowned man, that permitted to follow him in the grave, that same moment of brightness lighted up the arches of his own Temple, as one whom he loved stepped into his own dock, and with remarkable coincidence, for the only time during his absence, opened one of his own sermons to supply my place; and as his friend, read the Beatitudes over his grave on the banks of the Arno, his former friend read from his own hand-writing the text, 'Terror God.' It is said that in his last hours, in the wandering of that masterly brain, he murmured 'there are two Theodore Parkers; one rests here, dying, but the other lives and is at work at home.' How true! At that very moment, he was speaking to his usual thousands, at that very instant his own words were floating over the heads of those that loved him best, and bidding them, in this, the loneliest hour of their bereavement, 'Trust God.'"

"Lord Bacon said in his will, 'I leave my name and memory to foreign lands, and to my own countrymen, after some time be paid.' No more fitting words could be chosen, if the memory of the friend who had just gone before us would have permitted him to adapt them for himself.—To-day, even within twenty-four hours, I have seen symptoms of that repentance which Johnson described.

"In nations slowly wise and meekly just,  
To buried memory leave the tardy dust."

### TERRIBLE TORNADOES.

The country has been visited by the most terrible storms this season that have ever been known. Portions of Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York have felt their destructive power. The loss of human life has been immense—several hundred persons, including those at different places, are said to have been instantly destroyed, while a multitude of others have been seriously injured. The destruction of property is beyond computation. The scenes of these disasters is said to be larger all description, and the descriptions are such as to almost beggar belief. In the single town of Camanche, Iowa, thirty two dead bodies were taken from the ruins. We are conscious of nothing more terrible than these tornadoes.

### BURNING OF SLAVES.

By the following item from Augusta, Georgia, bearing date of June 12th, it will be seen that the people of that place, have been indulging in another Auto da Fe.

"A man named Wm. Smith, a painter in Ogle County, Ga., was murdered by a slave on Saturday. The slave was apprehended, and burnt at the stake on Monday."

Southern members of Congress, especially those from Georgia are expected to be utterly oblivious to the above fact. Whenever charges are made that slaves are sometimes burnt, they indignantly deny the allegation, and pronounce it a vile abolition libel; and so it is, on the legal principle sometimes recognized that the greater the truth the greater the libel.

With this lesson we resign our post, as the editor has just returned in the flesh and spirit, having had a delightful trip, and a pleasant visit with his Eastern friends.

The TYGON of JAPAN is reported, by the latest advices from that country, to have been assassinated.

The best informed of the Japanese, now in this country, admit the possibility of an insurrection there, but think if a murder were committed on any one in authority, it was probably on the Tygon, and not the Tygon, as the latter is only 17 years of age.

A CLEAR CASE OF AMBIGUITY.—A large number of colored people, children and adults, indulged in a picnic at the Park Friday. They marched through the city headed by a German Democratic band, which seemed to play as loudly

and joyously as if marching a regiment of Ohio volunteer militia. The Democracy should attend to this. What right have colored people to march after white music?—O. S. Journal.

### HYMENIAL.

On the 9th inst., by Richard Garrigue, Esq., Isaac Trencott, to Miss DENORAH B. BENTLEY.

Receipts for the Bugle from May 31, to June 12.

Ann Hayball, Adrian	\$2.00
Paul Taber, "	1.00
William Watson, Lowellville	1.50
S. B. Wemy, Akron	1.00
John Frost, Philadelphia	1.00
John Dwyer, Franklin Mills	2.00
Hannah Howell, Selma	1.50
Orin Brown, Canfield	1.50

### BOOKS! BOOKS!

Will our friends send in their orders for RICHARD'S LIFE OF JOHN BROWN, Price 1.00.

THE REIGN OF TERROR, showing how the rights of northern men are trampled upon by the South—a pamphlet which Republicans would find a good campaign document, price 10 cents.

THE RIGHT WAY THE SAFE WAY, by Lydia Maria Child, showing the beneficial results of emancipation in the West Indies and elsewhere, price 10 cents.

We have also other pamphlets and tracts on hand, some for sale, and some for gratuitous distribution.

[Put this in your pocket till you need it.]

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY UNEXPECTEDLY MADE BY A FARMER'S WIFE.—It has been of late, the opinion of all our most skillful Physicians, that the Fever and Ague, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Affections, are caused by the destruction, or absence of a certain vital principle, or quality in the Blood. This theory has recently been confirmed, in a truly simple discovery by a Farmer's Wife. This lady was suddenly, and at the time, to every one, apparently cured of Neuralgia, which had afflicted her for over a year, while handling a well known vegetable found growing on every farm in the country. Since then it is only found necessary in some other cases of these complaints, that a small Poultice be prepared by mashing *Flow the green herb*, and placing it upon the *Pole of the world* as resting to rest at night. It appears to be absorbed into the circulation of the blood, and thus this vital quality or principle is carried in every part of the system. It was thus myself and a number of others have been at once relieved, after having undergone the cost and vexation of years of medication, to only a temporary advantage. To my knowledge there has been no instance of recurrence or failure. This plant when taken into the stomach in tea or otherwise, appears to possess some of these curative qualities.

A young man cleared over a month's wages on a flying trip to Western Ohio to see a friend, in April. Since, he has returned and writes—"I shall make over \$100 in May, and there is never any charge for boarding; besides they frequently pay me five times my charge for the cure, which is generally \$1 a piece. They do this, because they are astonished out of their wits at so simple a way of curing them so soon. I have not over half gone over this country yet, &c."

While fortunes have been realized out of Patent Medicines at \$1 a bottle, not I believe, to be compared with this—this simple nothing and stands securely at every former door. I am allowed, and will, for the general good, send (for four weeks only) to any village or neighborhood where two or more will club together and send me \$3—full particulars so that any one, even a child may apply it.

It can be applied without detection if desired. To editors inserting this three times I will send particulars.

Respectfully, J. D. COPELAND.

Columbus, Ohio, June 9, 1860.

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Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

GOING WEST.		
Fast Line leaves Pittsburg,	1.00 a m	
" " " " " " " "	3.28 a m	
" " " " " " " "	3.51 a m	
" " " " " " " "	4.22 a m	
" " " " " " " "	8.40 a m	
Arrives at Crestline	8.18 a m	
Mail Train Leaves Pittsburg	11.33 a m	
" " " " " " " "	11.54 a m	
" " " " " " " "	12.46 p m	
" " " " " " " "	5.40 p m	
Arrives at Crestline	12.45 p m	
Express Train Leaves Pittsburg	3.28 p m	
" " " " " " " "	3.40 p m	
" " " " " " " "	4.25 p m	
Arrives at Crestline	8.30 p m	
GOING EAST.		
Express Train Leaves Crestline	6.15 p m	
" " " " " " " "	10.30 p m	
" " " " " " " "	11.00 p m	
" " " " " " " "	11.23 p m	
Arrives at Pittsburg	2.15 a m	
Mail Train Leaves Crestline	6.45 a m	
" " " " " " " "	11.20 a m	
" " " " " " " "	11.54 a m	
Arrives at Pittsburg	12.18 p m	
Fast Train Leaves Crestline	3.05 p m	
" " " " " " " "	4.40 p m	
" " " " " " " "	5.13 p m	
Arrives at Pittsburg	8.36 p m	

## CLEVELAND AND PITTSBURGH RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Commencing Monday, April 23rd, 1860—

Trains leave Alliance as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Mail, 7.25 a m, arrive in Cleveland, 9.55 a m

Express, 5.25 p m, arrive in Cleveland, 8.05 p m

GOING SOUTH.

Mail, 10.05 a m, arrive in Pittsburg, 2.45 p m

Mail, 10.05 a m, arrive in Wheeling, 5.00 p m

Express, 9.28 p m, arrive in Pittsburg, 1.55 a m

Express, 9.28 p m, arrive in Wheeling, 5.10 a m

RETURNING TRAINS LEAVE

Cleveland, 7.30 a m and 6.40 p m

Pittsburg, 1.00 a m and 12.45 p m

Wheeling, 10.10 a m and 9.45 p m

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## Miscellaneous.

## THE ALLEGORIES IN THE PACIFIC.

## GRAND CONCERT—GRAND RESULTS!

The following is from Harroburg, one of the Harroburg Isles.

TUESDAY, Jan. 15th.—As soon as breakfast was over, we went off for the shore. In one of the ship's boats. Hundreds of natives had already collected on the beach, at the only spot where boats could land. Our agent had passed two of our large pictorial posters together and fastened them to the end of a pole in such a manner that they could be held aloft as we neared the shore. At the sight of this strange picture the eyes and the mouths of the natives seemed to open wider and wider as the boat approached the beach. Upon our stepping out of the boat, men, women and children immediately hemmed us in on all sides. We soon found a native who had been out on two or three whaling voyages, and could speak a little English. We gave him several of our small bills, and explained to him our profession and business. He soon made it known to the crowd around. He then conducted us to the residence of Mr. Gill, the missionary, in whom we had letters of introduction from the Sandwich Islands. We found Mr. Gill at home, and he immediately gave us a most cordial welcome, as also did his most amiable lady. They were very anxious to hear us, but did not know how we could be remunerated for our trouble.

However, if we could be persuaded to take pigs, fowls, coconuts, pine apples, bananas, pumpkins, and other productions of the island, for tick-ets of admission, they would guarantee a large attendance. This idea pleased our fancy, and wishing to have the honor of giving the first concert ever given in the Harroburg Group of Islands, we most cheerfully consented to the plan. We instantly sent a boat off to the ship to bring our tickets, instruments, things, &c., ashore. In the meantime, Mr. Gill proposed that we should call on the King, explain his curiosity, and set his influence at work among the natives. He conducted us to the "palace," a very comfortable one, a very old built house, with thatched roof, pleasantly situated in a large grove of coconut and orange trees. As we were ushered in and introduced to the "royal family" which consisted of the King and Queen, and a Prince about ten years of age, we found them seated on a cane-bottomed sofa about twelve feet long, which they filled to its utmost capacity; they instantly rose from their seats and gave us a really hearty shake of the hand. At first sight the great corpulence attracted our wondering gaze—this three, I should think, would weigh about one thousand pounds.

After having obtained the "royal command" to give a concert, and Mr. Gill promising us the use of the school house, which is a very large one-story building, we presented to their "royal highnesses" a complimentary card of admission—then taking our hats, and backing ourselves to the door, bowing and scraping in the most respectful and approved manner, we quitted the royal presence.

Our agent immediately got up a large "poster," announcing that

## BY ROYAL COMMAND

OF

KING MAKEA V.,

and the

NORTHERN SOCIETY,

THE ALLEGORIES

will give a

## GRAND CONCERT

AT THE

SCHOOL HOUSE

THIS AFTERNOON, AT 4 O'CLOCK,

Jan. 15th, 1850.

Price of Admission.—Ticket to admit one—1 bog, or 2 pigs; or 1 turkey; or 2 chickens; or 25 coconuts; or 20 pine apples; or 2 bunches bananas; or 5 large pumpkins; or 2 baskets oranges—children half price.

By two o'clock our arrangements were so far completed that we commenced the sale of tickets. The place selected for this purpose was under a large thatched roof. The crowd around this spot had been gradually increasing for an hour previous, and by this time the excitement had become intense. What with the squealing of hogs and pigs, galling of turkeys, growling of monkeys, and squeaking of oranges and limes, the rolling of pumpkins under feet, taken all together with the babbling jargon of the natives, formed the most disagreeable public excitement I ever witnessed, not excepting the excitement got up by Harroburg's auctioneers of chocolate at the Jenny Lind concert at Castle Garden, New York. The confusion was so great, the noise and poultry having evidently entered into the excitement with much spirit and earnestness as the human population, all apparently tiring with each other in trying to make the most noise, that we found it would be impossible to stick to our "regular prices" for tickets, so we concluded to take every thing that was brought with which to purchase tickets, and furnish every one with a ticket.

While it required twelve of the ship's crew to receive the "coconuts," placing each one on its respective pile, that is putting the things tied by the legs, in one place, the poultry, tied eight or ten together, in another, and the coconuts, pine apples, bananas, pumpkins, oranges, &c., piled each kind by itself, it required four or five other persons to distribute tickets. Ticket distributors had a busy time of it, though their labor did not require any very great exertion.

By four o'clock, nineteen hundred and sixty-one tickets had been disposed of, and everything that had been offered in the way of pay had been received. The doors were now opened, and squealing, tugging, and pushing commenced—an instant excitement as if every one in that great throng was suddenly impressed with the idea that he or she must be the first one to enter the door. In order to get the best place, just the same as a similar number of individuals, collected together for a similar purpose, in our more civilized and enlightened "down east" community—the crowd of savages having, however, one great advantage over the enlightened crowd, that is they are in no danger of giving back exhaled, clothing torn from their backs, or losing pocket-books, as they possess none of these little frivolities of fashion. In costume, they still cling to the fashions of the good old days of Adam and Eve.

As soon as they were all inside of the concert room, and had become quiet, we commenced the concert by singing a lively quartette. With this they were highly delighted, but it was evident from their looks and actions, that our billie, as they stood upon the "tall table" before us, they

two in number, of all sizes, from a lady's thimble up to the size of a large water-pail, and when placed upon their handsomely draped table, making truly a very attractive and imposing display, they filled their minds with the greatest wonder. After singing one or two pieces, we commenced with the billie, by playing a "grand march." I have heard of, and even witnessed several astonishing successes in my lifetime, but this audience presented a picture of the wildest open-mouthed astonishment during the performance of this piece, I ever beheld.

At first it was plain to be seen that they did not know how to make known to us their approbation, but Mr. Gill having given them the hint in regard to the manner in which it might be manifested, every subsequent piece, vocal or instrumental, received the most enthusiastic applause, and several which seemed to please their fancy most, were repeatedly encored.

As soon as we had concluded our performance, one of the native teachers arose and said to us how pleased and delighted they were, and how grateful were their feelings towards us for this visit to their island, and they hoped we would remain with them forever. He also proposed that before we parted we should sing one song. Some one immediately commenced, and the whole congregation quickly joined in singing the old gold piece of sacred music, entitled:

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea, Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free!"

They also sang three or four hymn tunes, which they had been taught in their school—two of them were popular tunes, composed by my old music teacher, Lowell Mason. This is the fifth island we have visited in the Pacific, and on every one of which I have heard song by the natives, the same old familiar hymn tunes of Lowell Mason.

As we left the school house to return to our home, at Mr. Gill's, about a half a mile distant, the women and young girls rushed around Miss Hildert, all eager to clasp her in their arms and rub their noses against hers—(This rubbing of noses is a native custom, and indicative of their greatest love and friendship). After nearly one hundred had embraced Miss H. in this most affectionate manner, and having rubbed the skin completely off on one side, so that each such frequent greeting was becoming more and more painful, she begged for them through Mr. Gill, to desist and take the "will for the deed," thinking them a thousand times for these unexpected tokens of their friendship. Many who were disappointed in not being able to embrace her in their customary manner, thought they must show their friendly feeling in some way; so they caught her up, first one and then another, in their arms, and in this manner carried her in triumph all the way to Mr. Gill's house, accompanied by the largest procession of females (some seven or eight hundred) I ever saw—and their happy, smiling faces, plainly denoted how great were their feelings of joy, and how delighted they were at this opportunity and mode of expressing them to the "white hula-hula" (singing woman).

Soon after the concert was over, I took a walk down to the market to examine the receipts. I readily believe the receipts, in bulk, of this concert, were the largest ever known. It occupied twenty-four men one day and a half, with four large whale boats, to get them on board ship, distant one mile from the shore.

In order to get at the amount of the receipts in dollars and cents, I have valued everything at about New York retail prices.

79 hogs at \$5 each	\$ 395 00
93 turkeys at \$1 each	93 00
115 chickens at 30cts. each	44 88
10,000 coconuts at 12cts. each	1,200 00
5,700 pine apples at 12cts. each	684 00
418 bunches bananas, averaging 75 to the bunch, making 31,350 bananas	1,891 00
2,700 oranges at 2cts. each	54 00
600 pumpkins, at 15cts. each	90 00
Limes, mints, fowls, &c., about	25 00
<b>Total,</b>	<b>\$3,046 08</b>

As there was no expense attending the getting up of this concert, you will see at a glance, that if we had this immense quantity of tropical produce in New York to-day, and could sell it for the same prices it has valued at here, we could have the "young little son" of five thousand eighty-six dollars and eight cents. But we haven't got it there!

## A JAPANESE DISPATCH HOME.

Although our Washington correspondent has been unable thus far to obtain any copies of the Japanese dispatches to their Government, a gentleman of this city has been fortunate enough to obtain the sight of a friendly letter of one of the Commissioners to an acquaintance in Nippon. Under a promise to conceal the name of the writer he has been authorized to publish it, and has kindly placed it in our hands. We insert it below.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

FROM THE SACKED CITY OF WASHINGTON.  
Most Esteemed Hahabadi.—(We have been invited to visit next in order the great city of Philadelphia, the capital of the province which is the birth-place of the American Tycoon. Our reception, we are informed, will be attended with the most august ceremonies that the city ever offers to its most distinguished guests. The Commission, after examining our credentials, have decided to place us on a floating with the most favored foreign fire companies.

All the military of the Province, ordinarily engaged in other exercises, will be in arms. This will enable us to report, from our own observation, upon the extent of the military power of this vast country. Do not fear that this large display will induce us to act otherwise than become the dignity of our nation, for although we have in our whole empire but 480,000 soldiers, they are fully equal to maintain our security, armed with two swords and entire devotion. There will also be a great exhibition of "jeopardy" upon our arrival—Then, it seems, are generally prominent on all such occasions, and have quite a notoriety here.

The details of our reception by the American Tycoon you have in my former letter. He is called, not Tycoon, but "President," sometimes, however, by a strange analogy of language, "old man." I at first thought this an attempt to pronounce our Japanese phrase, but am assured that it is strictly idiomatic, and implies satiation and age. It certainly seemed applicable to the head of the nation who received us.

We find it very difficult to comply with the demands of our sovereign, forbidding us to touch the women of this country. Not from any disposition on our part to disobey, but from their desire to please us by our hands. They are apparently allowed here the greatest freedom, but it is only in appearance. Every woman, married or single, is fastened in a cage of bamboo or flexible steel

extending from the waist to the feet. This seems to be so arranged as to give them no unbecoming, but they are very much ashamed of it, and conceal it under so many coverings that it renders their appearance quite ludicrous. They are unrestricted as to the upper part of their persons, which they are permitted to expose as much as they wish. This they seem to avail themselves of, and on all occasions of high ceremony, wear very low dresses. As in all barbarous nations, they all their ears and suspend from them ornaments of gold and silver. They also paint and powder themselves, and after greasing their hair, twist it into fantastic shapes and fasten it up with long pins and combs. Some of them would be fine-looking, if they did not disfigure themselves by the hideous and vulgar custom of wearing eye-brows and keeping their teeth white. Be assured, therefore, that we are in no danger of being captivated by their appearance; we feel nothing but regret that the barbarous and absurd customs of man should thus destroy the charms which cultivation and refinement would so much improve.

Nothing strikes us so much as the want of respect these barbarians show even to their highest dignitaries, they never hesitate to spit before them, and it requires considerable activity to prevent being spit upon at all times. The custom of wearing eye-brows, it seems, originated from this cause, as it enables you to avoid with greater facility the saliva of your neighbor. Chewing tobacco is much prized, it seems, from the saliva it produces, which is preserved, when possible, in handsome vases of porcelain, and placed in prominent positions. None of the inhabitants do reverence by crawling on their bellies, except after the election of a new Tycoon, when those in search of office come to the central city and perform that ceremony. Those who are fortunate enough to meet with honor from the Tycoon seldom walk uprightly during their whole term of office. The unfortunate applicants become at once censors or spies upon the others, and their silence has to be low at a high price. All public servants have their price, which rises or falls according to the necessities of the Tycoon. But I shall reserve my reflections on political topics till I have another opportunity to address you. Until then rest in peace.

## A DIFFICULT QUESTION ANSWERED.

Can anybody tell why, when Eve was manufactured from one of Adam's ribs, a hired girl wasn't made at the same time to wait on her?—Ex change.

We can, easily! Because Adam came out of the ground with a ragged stocking to be darned, a collar string to be sewed on, or a glove to be mended right away, quick, now! Because he never read the newspaper until the sun got down behind the palm trees, and then stretched himself, yawning out, "ain't copper most ready, my dear?" Not he. He made the fire and hung over the tea-kettle himself, well content, and pulled the radishes, and peeled the bananas, and did everything else that he'd ought to do! He milked the cows and fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself. He never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner, when Eve hadn't any fresh promiscuities, and the mango season was over! He never stayed out until 11 o'clock to a "ward meeting," harrying for the out-and-out candidate, and then retired because poor Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. To be sure he acted rather cowardly about the apple gathering time, but that don't depreciate his general benevolence about the garden! He never played billiards, nor drove fast horses, nor smoked Eve with cigar smoke. He never loafed around corner groceries while solitary Eve was rocking little Cain's Cradle at home. In short, he did not think she was specially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten his wife's cares a little.

That's the reason that Eve did not need a hired girl, and we wish it was the reason that none of her descendants did.—Life Illustrated.

## BE BRIEF—CONDENSE

Give the brief, the cream, the marrow, the essence, the fire. Press your thoughts, pack them, bring everything to a burning, scorching focus. Avoid prolixity, circumlocution, rash right into your subject at once. Begin before you think of it, and keep on dashing with all your might till you are done. So, also, in preaching, praying, exhorting, testifying; say what you have to say, and what you ought to say,—and stop!

A tremendous thought may be packed into a small compass—made as solid as a cannon ball, and alike projectile, and cut all down before it. Short articles are generally more effective, had more readers, and are more widely copied than long ones. Pack your thoughts closely together, and though your article may be brief, it will have weight, and will be more likely make an impression.—Golden Rule.

MR. Beecher, referring to a green-house facing the street, says: "I never go past it without thinking, Thank you. They have no idea in the house how many there are that say, 'Every child says it, everybody that I see says it, from such one that goes that way on an errand, a kind thought goes in for them but we do not ring a bell to tell them off.'"

MR. A. Rev. gentleman, in the course of a lecture some time ago, told the following story as a bit at that sort of Christians who are too indolent to pursue the duties required of them by their faith. He says that one pious gentleman composed a very fervent prayer to the Almighty, wrote it out legibly, and affixed the manuscript to the bed-post. Then, on cold nights, he merely pointed to the "document," and with the words—"O, Lord! thou art my sentiment!"—blew out the light, and nestled amid the blankets.

FREE GOVERNMENT.—Judge B. was once obliged to "double" with an Irishman in a crowded hotel, when the following conversation ensued: "Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a Judge would you not?"

"Yes, yer Honor," said Pat, "and I think yer Honor would have been a long time in the 'old country' before ye'd been a Judge, too!"—Exchange.

MR. Mr. Fowler, the late defaulting post master, has, it is said, fled to some part of South America. When we look at the disgraceful transaction revealed by the Corvado Commission, doesn't it seem a burning shame, that while Mr. Fowler has to run away, Mr. Buchanan hasn't?—Low Journal.

## "IT IS MORE BLESSED."

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven; Give! as the waves when their channel is given; Give! as the free air and sunshine are given; Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give. Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing. Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing; Not a pale bud from the June rose's blowing. Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Four out thy love like the rush of a river Wasting its love forever and ever, Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver. Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea. Scatter the life as the Summer shower's pouring; What if an' through the pearl-rain is soaring? What if no blossom looks upward adoring? Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

Give! though thy heart may be wasted and weary; Laid on an altar all ashes and dreary; Though from its pulse a faint misereere Beats in thy soul the sad prelude of fate, Bind it with cords of unbreaking devotion; Smile at the song of its restless emotion; 'Tis the stern hymn of eternity's ocean; Hear! and in silence thy future await.

So the wild wind streaks its perfumed carcases, Coil and thunders the desert it blesses, Bitter the waste that its soft pinion presses, Never it ceases to whisper and sing. What if the heart beats thy thorns for thy roses? What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes? Sweetest is music with minor-keyed chords, Fairest the vine that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over; Ere from the grass the bee haunted clover, Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover. What shall thy longing avail in the grave? Give as the heart gives whose fetters are breaking. Life, love and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking. Soon, heaven's river thy soul fever slaking. Thou shalt know God and the gift that He gave.

## DEATH OF LADY BYRON.

Anna Isabella, Baroness Noel Byron, widow of the great poet, died in London, on the 17th of May, in the sixty-eighth year of her age. She was born in 1774, and was the only daughter and heir of Sir Ralph Milbanke Noel, Baronet. She was married in 1815 to Lord Byron. Their union, which was prompted by motives of interest, was most unhappy to both husband and wife—and they separated thirteen days after their marriage. Their only child,

"Ala, sole daughter of my house and heart," was married to Earl Lovelace, and died about eight years ago.

Lord Byron, in one of his letters, gives the following description of Lady Byron during the time of their engagement: "What an odd situation and friendship is ours! Without one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which in general, lead to coldness on one side and aversion on the other. She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress—a girl of twenty—a person that is to be in her own right—an only child and a daughter who has always had her own way. She is a poetess, mathematician, and, with very kind, generous and gentle, and with very little pretensions."

Even at his wedding, the thoughts of his first love—of Mary Chaworth, of Annesley Hall, whom he so poetically termed his "Bright Morning Star of Annesley," was present to his imagination. Annesley Hall, and all its fond associations flitted like a vision before his thoughts, even when at the altar, and on the point of pronouncing his nuptial vows. A marriage contracted under such circumstances could not but be unhappy. The poet has alluded to it in some of his most impassioned strains of regret.

It is unfortunate for the late Lady Byron that only by her union with Byron, and his unhappy result, is she known to the world at large. Her private life has been ruthlessly invaded, and all her domestic troubles exposed to the gaze of the world. It should be remembered that Byron treated her in a manner calculated to alienate the affections of any woman, and that it was the public view following his treatment of her which induced him to leave England and live in Italy.

Lady Byron took an active interest in philanthropic and benevolent movements, and in 1855 she sent a gift of three hundred and fifty dollars to the New England Kansas Emigration Society. We can scarcely recall a lady of the present century whose name has been so often brought before the public, and in such a singular way, by her relation with others, rather than by any desire or effort on her part to obtain publicity.

DOUBTFUL HONESTY.—With some men there is a distinction between the rule which should govern public, and that which should govern private action. No man would think of stealing an apple from a boy because he wants it, but men would steal a whole island because they want it, with a conscience just in proportion to the largeness of the theft.—Chapman.

GOODNESS.—Did it ever strike you, that goodness is not merely a beautiful thing, but a beautiful thing—by far the most beautiful thing in the world; and that badness is not merely an ugly thing but the ugliest thing in the world? So that nothing is to be compared for value with goodness; that riches, honor, power, pleasure, learning, the whole world and all in it, are not worth having, in comparison with being good; and the utterly best thing for a man is to be good, even though he were never to be rewarded for it; and, in a word, goodness is the only thing worth loving, and badness the only thing worth hating.—Rev. Chas. Kingsley.

A GENTLEMAN, on a visit to Washington one day, opened the Senate Chamber door, and was about to pass in, when the door-keeper asked: "Are you a privileged member?" "What do you mean by that?" asked the stranger. The reply was: "A Governor, an ex-Member of Congress, or a Foreign Minister!" The stranger replied that he was a minister. From what court or country? asked the official. Very gravely looking up, the stranger replied: "From heaven, sir." To this the door-keeper replied: "This Government at present holds no intercourse with that foreign power."

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